



WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1879.

Amusements To-Do.
American Institute—Fifteenth National Exhibition.
Beauchamp's Theatre—Reopened.
Bibby's Theatre—Newport.
British Theatre—Variety, Matinee.
Grand Opera House—Tony Pastor's Troops. Matinee.
Maurice's Theatre—Our Daughters. Matinee.
Metropolitan Opera House—Giulio Cesare. Matinee.
New York Aquarium—H. M. S. Frigates.
Ritish's Garden—Entertainment. Matinee.
Olympic Theatre—Burgess. Matinee.
Park Theatre—The Crooked Tassel.
San Francisco Minstrels—Tuesday and Wednesday.
Standard Theatre—Narcissus.
Theatre Comique—Mulligan's Great Chowder. Matinee.
Union Square Theatre—My Partner.
Wollstonecraft's Theatre—Woolf's Root.

HAYES and the Democratic Senate.

Now that HAYES has made peace with the stalwarts by going beyond the most extreme of them in his recent expressions, and especially now that he has been welcomed to Detroit by ZACH CHANDLER, it is to be supposed that there will be an end to the understanding which existed between him and certain leaders south of the Potomac. The old party lines will be drawn tightly, and if the majority of the Senate should be inclined to follow in the footsteps of their Republican predecessors when ANDREW JOHNSON was President, the nominations for all important offices would be suspended indefinitely or absolutely rejected.

This practice was carried so far by the Republicans at that time that rejection lost all significance as a matter of personal discredit. The best and the fittest men were voted down and thrown out, merely from resentment toward a President who was too stubborn to yield to an exacting majority, and too proud to consult expediency or policy. Neither side would make concession, and a bitter war raged to the end of that Administration, intensified by JOHNSON's quarrel with GRANT over STANTON's removal from the War Department.

The Democratic discipline, however, is nothing like that of the Republicans twelve years ago, when they had thirty-six senators in the Senate, with twenty-seven States represented. Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and West Virginia were the only Southern States with Senators, and some of them were Republicans. Old BEN WADE, looking like one of CROMWELL's chiefs, was President of the Senate. GRIMES, MORTON, FESSENDEN, SUMNER, WILSON, CHANDLER, HOWARD, MOROAN, HENDERSON, EDMUNDS, HOWE, FREILINGHUYSEN, TRUMBULL, FERRY, the MORRELLS and other well-known leaders, were at the front.

There was some restiveness at the dogmatic and aggressive policy of the few men who assumed to control this majority. That dissatisfaction found voice four years later in the Liberal Convention at Cincinnati. But JOHNSON's rigid resistance and defiant attitude made the Republicans nearly solid, until the stalwarts of that day demanded impeachment and his ejection from office. Then there was a breach, which was temporarily closed by GRANT's election to be reopened and widened later, when the corruption and profligacy of his rule outraged and disgusted the country.

Compared with the effective organization of the Republicans in 1867-68, the Democrats now in the Senate are a discordant majority of nine, with factions and personal rivalries dividing them, and with no such acknowledged leadership as makes unity certain and easy on any line of party policy that may be proposed by THURMAN or BAYARD, the two most prominent chiefs. In the contest over the New York nominations they shifted from one side to the other, and lost the confidence of both sides. Hence, although an attempt will be made to organize a systematic opposition to the nominations of HAYES, it is doubtful if the experiment will succeed. A little patronage goes very far with a certain class of patriots.

A Dabbler in Politics.

Old HANNIBAL HAMLIN, the connecting link between this generation and earlier generations, made a speech last week at a cattle fair in Maine. The public utterances of this veteran officeholder are neither frequent nor elaborate. They are limited, as a rule, to motions in the Senate to adjourn, brief arguments in favor of extending the privileges of the Senators in the matter of allowances for steel pens, writing paper, India rubber bands, periodical literature, and franking privileges; and, just before election, ringing but unreported campaign harangues in the school houses and on the well-worn stumps of the Penobscot wilds. It is not often that he bares his innocent soul before the eyes of his constituents, as he did at the Maine cattle fair last week.

Surrounded by live stock, mammoth pumpkins, and calico quilts, and holding an umbrella over his head to keep the rain off his immemorial title, the aged Cartthaginian began as follows:

"I great von upon this occasion, and regret with you the inclemencies weather. You are here with a noble purpose—that of developing the resources of your State."

"Man is a queer animal. When he was elected into his present office he reserved the right of grubbing."

"I do not know what he is endowed with the reasoning faculty, the faculty of making bargains, and of composing."

Having thus expounded his philosophy of life, he proceeded to declare his faith in the wisdom of Providence. He said:

"We are in the neutrino zone. We complain of our climate. Maine is too cool for us in the tropics. Man cannot subsist. And we above have regaled these things better than we can."

Next, the Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN expressed his tender affection for the Commonwealth which has been holding him upon the Treasury of the United States for a good part of a century. We continue to quote his words:

"I have traversed every State except Oregon, and love them all; however badly I have served some of them; but when I look at our society schools, and churches, I can say—"

"Where'er I come, whatever reigns I see."

"My heart contrite, hourly turns, old Maine, to thee."

"I have seen no State more desirable to live in than Maine."

"I was born here, and will my ashes here."

The orator dwelt further upon the State in which he has lived so much and where he desires his ashes to lie. "Isn't there something more desirable than the accumulation of wealth?" he asked. "I affirm that Maine stands the Dirigo State in elevating Man." He predicted that the time would come when within the borders of Maine he would have five million constituents, instead of a little more than six hundred thousand. However the population of the State may increase in the future, it is certain that the food heart of the Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN is big enough to take in every native and naturalized voter, as long as they continue to support him of the publick expense.

The concluding part of the Cartthaginian's address contained a confession that will be heard with universal interest. "Especially a good farmer," he says, "by dabbling in politics." What sort of a farmer the ossified old windpumper would have made, we have no means of knowing. But one thing is sure: he has dabbled in politics during the course of his unprecedently notorious existence. For half a century he has held every con-

ceivable kind of office that he could obtain in his fellow citizens. He has received hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Treasury, and who can indicate a dime's worth of service rendered by him in return? He has been a useless but incomparably sticky barnacle on the bottom of the Ship of State. He has deadheaded his way through life, and he will continue to deadhead his way until a wise Providence removes him to a land whence he will find it impossible to frank his linen to Bangor to be washed.

Stocks and Christianity.

The Wall street men must be interested in a question which has been raised among the Methodists since the death of DANIEL DREW, whose figure was so long and well known in that famous thoroughfare. The question is whether a sharp stock speculator, or, in other words, a stock gambler, can be a Christian.

That Mr. DREW was a very shrewd and daring operator in stocks we all know. Not many years ago he was one of the richest men in Wall street and in the country, and he had gathered his great fortune by manipulating stocks for a rise or a fall. What they were really worth, whether the corporations which issued them were managed for the public benefit or only in the interests of a ring of speculators, were matters about which he didn't concern himself. All he thought of was their use to him in making money. So feeling, he was not unlike stock speculators in general, who do not pretend that they are playing the parts of unselfish public benefactors. They are simply trying to make as much money as they can, and even if their purses are filled by the depletion of those of their neighbors, they sleep with consciences which make them no trouble, and rejoice at their prosperity.

Many of them, like Mr. DREW, have ciphered up their gains or losses on Saturday and risen after refreshing sleep to engage in prayer and praise on Sunday. Indeed, the Wall street men, being free with their money when they have it, have long been favored by the churches. How many millions made in stock speculations have gone to the founding of religious charities, to the endowment of theological chairs, and to the building of churches and the support of ministers, it would be hard to find out; but it is a vast sum. Of sanctimonious brokers and stock operators the number has always been great. If at this time, though they have been giving so much for religion and standing so high in the churches, they are really not genuine Christians, the fact should be known.

Mr. DREW, it is well understood, was not only one of the sharpest of Wall street operators, but he was also an ardent Methodist. As an exhorter at the class meetings and the prayer meetings of his church he wrestled bravely with sinners, and his supplications were frequent and strong. If he struggled for gain with the bulls and bears, he also deemed it not beneath his dignity, and he a millionaire, to collect pennies of the phous Methodists contributed for the spread of the faith. When he felt himself rich he promised an ample endowment to a theological seminary, to which he gave his name, and his Methodist brethren honored him for his liberality, and did not discuss the reality of his piety.

The Rev. Dr. Cyrus W. Foss said that Mr. DREW was preying on the poor, for in early life he came from England an ardent Methodist, and in his old age he had found that among the rich men of his acquaintance few were so ready to respond to the appeals of charity as Mr. DREW. No one had ever given him more, and indeed the number of his deeds of charity and donations to religious enterprises. He had frequently lent him aid to struggling churches and missions, and his contributions to missions and the occasions were few when he returned without success. On the contrary, when he left with a smile on his face, he had given a large sum to a Methodist church that was built by Mr. DREW. He was a widower, having a tall steple, painted white, the interior having a grand organ, a large organ loft, and a massive iron column painted on the walls. The only gallery is that of the choir, where Prof. Walter Russell Johnson of St. Paul's Church in this city.

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